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Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

SIXTY-THREE

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

SIXTY-THREE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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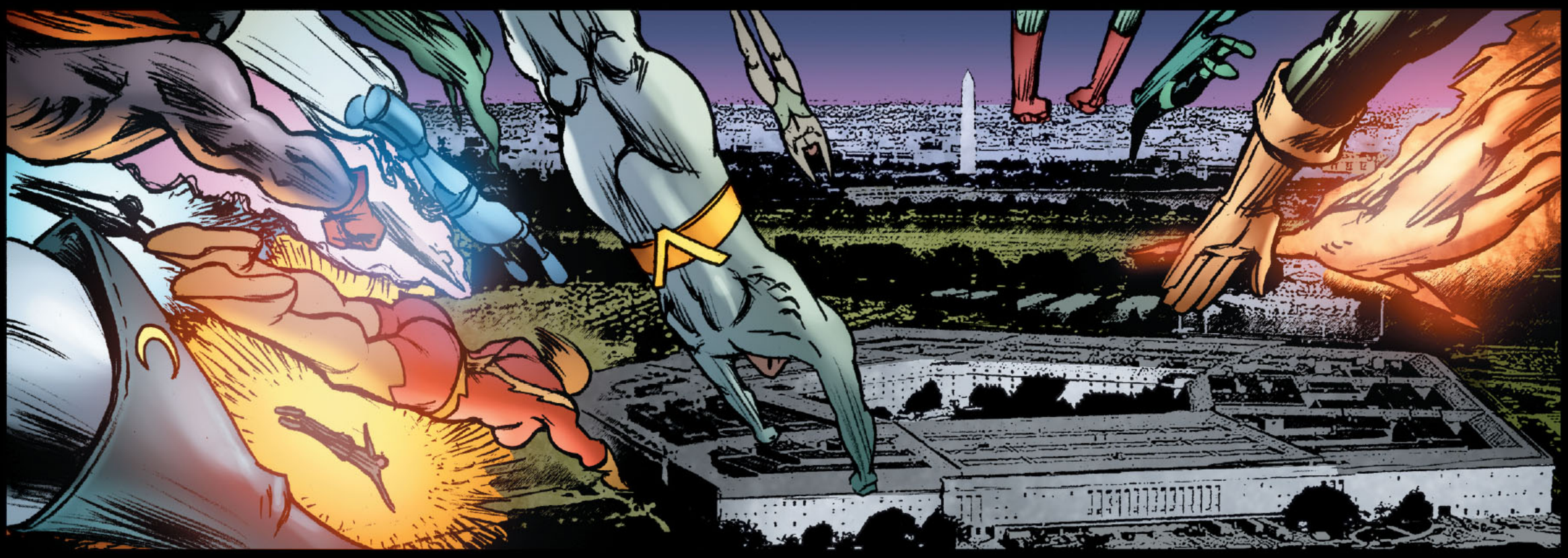

OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN

part four

WHAT'S...
IS THIS FOR...
ARE WE GONNA LIKE INTERROGATE HIM, OR SOMETHIN'--?
ALREADY DONE THAT.
BLOODY USELESS. APPARENTLY THE HOMELANDER'S OUT TO SEIZE POWER FOR VOUGHT, BUT HE DON'T KNOW WHEN AN' HE DON'T KNOW HOW.
HIM AN' THE DEEP GOT FROZEN OUT AFTER THE THING WITH JACK.
BUT HOW THE FUCK DID YOU *GET HIM*...?
WHAT DO YOU CARE? C'MON, HUGHIE, YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.
HERE, I TOLD YOU I'D LET YOU LISTEN TO THIS.
FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT. BUT HERE YOU GO.
HEY, HERE HE IS. SO HOW WAS SCOTLAND?
HELLO?
DUDE, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST, WHAT'S UP?
I, UH...I THINK I FUCKED UP.
I KIND OF KILLED SOME CHICK.

I MEAN I DIDN'T MEAN TO, I JUST FUCKING RAN INTO THE GUY AND SENT HIM FLYING. I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE, IT WAS SO MUCH EASIER THAN I EXPECTED.

SO?

SO HE SLAMMED INTO THIS GIRL I'M TALKING ABOUT AND CRUSHED HER AGAINST A WALL.

AND WHAT DID YOU DO THEN?

OH, HOMELANDER, A-TRAIN'S GOT A KIND OF A... WELL...

I HEARD. WHAT DID YOU DO?

I--WELL. I GOT THE FUCK OUT OF THERE MY KIND OF FAST.

THEN YOU WIN A COOKIE. THAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE.

UH...YEAH. YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED.

REALLY IT'S VOUGHT'S FAULT, EXPECTING US TO CLEAN UP THEIR MESS. SOME C-LISTER GOES OFF THE RAILS AND THEY THINK THERE WON'T BE ANY COLLATERAL?

HE'S RIGHT, DUDE. IT HAPPENS A LOT MORE THAN YOU'D THINK, I MEAN YOU USE POWERS LIKE OURS IN THE REAL WORLD--WELL, YOU'VE GOTTA EXPECT A FEW CIVILIANS DOING THE WHIRLY-SPLAT.

HEH. REALLY?

SHIT, YEAH. I MEAN YOU WON'T FIND THIS IN THE ARCHIVE EDITIONS, BUT MY MAN BLACK NOIR OVER THERE ONCE TOOK OUT A SCHOOL BUS.

COMPARED TO HIM YOU'RE A FUCKING VIRGIN, DUDE...

HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH...!

VINCENT CASSELL! VINCENT CASSELL!

WHAT THE FUCK--

WHO--?

TAE TIHS DNA EID!

OH MY GOD, BUTCHER'S GOING FOR IT--!

I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT. BUT WE HAVE TO LEAVE.

FUCKIN' PRICK, YOU--

FOR FUCK'S SAKE *AIM*, YOU--!

HUNNHH!!

SALLE BOCHE!

YA WANT GUM?

THERE! THERE! *FIRE!*

TURN IT OFF.

LISTEN, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT SHIT. CHECK THIS OUT, WE'VE GOT THE CANDIDATES--

TURN IT THE FUCK *OFF.*

YOU FUCKIN' PRICK, YOU CUNT, DO YOU'VE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU DID TO ME--?

HNNHH!

DO YOU? DO YOU, YOU BASTARD? *DO YOU?!*

GUHHK--!

YOU KILLED HER, YOU STUPID SHITE! YOU DIDN'T GIVE A FUCK, BUT SHE WAS EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO ME!

SHE LOVED ME, AN' I LOVED HER, AN' EVERYTHING WAS GOIN' RIGHT AN' IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU NONE O' THIS WOULD'VE EVEN *HAPPENED...!*

HER NAME WAS *ROBIN--*

DUDE, I DON'T WANNA FUCKING DIE...!

I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY FOR WHATEVER I DID, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU FUCKING WANT!

SHUT UP!

JUST DON'T KILL ME! DON'T FUCKING KILL ME, OKAY? *PLEASE!*

SHUT UP, YOU PRICK, I'M TRYNNA TELL YOU ABOUT HER!

SHE WAS A REAL PERSON. A HUMAN BEING.

PLEASE, I'M SORREEEEEEE--!

SHUT UP, I SAID! SHE--

NO-NO-NO, DON'T KILL ME! NO-NO-NO-NOOOOO...!

YOU STUPID CUNT, SHUT UP! SHUT--

NNAAAAAAAAHHHHH

HUGHIE, IN MY EXPERIENCE, THERE'S NO POINT MAKIN' SPEECHES, MATE.

I MEAN YOU CAN TRY AN' TURN IT INTO A BIG SCENE, BUT...HE AIN'T LISTENIN'. LOOK AT HIM.

BEST THING TO DO IS JUST GET IT THE FUCK OVER WITH.

I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU.

MM-HM.

YOU'RE QUITTING?

LOOKS LIKE IT.

YOU THINK YOU CAN WALK AWAY FROM ALL THIS?

YOU'RE FUCKING A-RIGHT I DO.

WELL, GOOD FOR YOU.

HEY.

YOU STOOD UP FOR ME ONCE. WITH BLACK NOIR AND THOSE OTHER PRICKS.

NOW YOU'LL PROBABLY JUST SAY ***DON'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD,*** BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE AN ASS OF MYSELF AND SAY THERE MIGHT BE SOMEONE IN THERE. SOMEWHERE DOWN UNDER ALL THOSE LAYERS.

SO I'M ALSO GOING TO SAY THIS MIGHT BE THE TIME FOR YOU TO GO TOO. AND NOT JUST BECAUSE THE T.V. SAYS ***PLEASE STAND BY*** ON EVERY SINGLE CHANNEL, EITHER.

I NOTICED THAT.

IF YOU STILL THINK THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE TO RUN BACK TO--WELL, YOU CAN PROBABLY SIT OUT WHATEVER'S GOING ON, NO PROBLEM. YOU'VE GOT YOUR VIEW, YOU'VE GOT YOUR MEANINGLESS SHIT.

OTHERWISE...

IT'S EASY FOR YOU.

YOU HAVE SOMEONE.

HMH.

ACTUALLY, I'M NOT A HUNDRED PERCENT CERTAIN THAT I DO. HE'S BEEN BEHAVING LIKE KIND OF A LITTLE BITCH.

THEY WILL DO IT.

YEAH.

SO I SUPPOSE I'M JUST GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE.

NAH--

MERDE--

DANS LE NOM DE DIEU, *SE DEFENDRE*--!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, GET HER!

DRY-HUMP, KILL THE FUCKING BITCH! COME ON!

HEY--

YA WANT GUM?

STAND DOWN.

NOW.

WELL, M'SIEU.

YOU WOULD SAY THAT.

TEAM TITANIC IS TO CEASE ALL OFFENSIVE ACTION. MEDICAL PERSONNEL ARE ON THEIR WAY; THEY WILL TREAT YOUR WOUND IMMEDIATELY.

I NEED TO SPEAK TO WILLIAM BUTCHER WITHOUT DELAY.

NO DOUBT YOU DO, VOUS SINGE DE REDDITION...

LET ME BE CLEAR, I AM NOT SURRENDERING. BUT I BELIEVE BOTH YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE ARE THE VICTIMS OF A HOAX.

YOUR ATTACK: PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE OR RETALIATION?

QU'EST-CE... QUE C'EST...?

I AM ASKING YOU WHO YOU BELIEVE STRUCK FIRST.

YOU SENT-- YOU--

NO.

I ORDERED NO ACTION AGAINST YOU WHATSOEVER. IF YOU WERE ATTACKED IT WAS NOT AT MY BEHEST.

MY SUSPICION IS THAT ANOTHER INDIVIDUAL HAS SET VOUGHT-AMERICAN AND THE BOYS AGAINST EACH OTHER, TO KEEP US BUSY WHILE HIS OWN PLANS REACH FRUITION. I BELIEVE IT IS IN OUR MUTUAL INTEREST TO FIND OUT WHAT THOSE PLANS MIGHT BE.

I AM OFFERING A TRUCE, NEGOTIATION AND MEDICAL ATTENTION.

IF YOU BELIEVE ME TO BE INSINCERE, THERE IS NOTHING WHATSOEVER TO PREVENT YOU FROM HAVING YOUR COMPANION KILL ME.

TO TAKE OVER FROM THE LAMPLIGHTER. WE'RE THINKING--WELL, WE'RE THINKING PUSSY.

HEY, TURN IT OFF...

HUH?

TURN IT OFF, I DON'T WANNA HEAR ANYMORE.

YEAH, TO MAKE US UP TO SEVEN AGAIN. I MEAN MAEVE'S NO FUCKING FUN...HEY, YOU WANNA SEE THE PHOTOS?

I SAID FUCKIN' STOP IT, ALL RIGHT? I'M NO' GONNA DO THIS, I'M NO' GONNA HAVE YOU PLAY ME SOME *TAPE* AN' THEN I DO SOMETHIN' DREADFUL...!

DUDE, WE'VE GOT OUR FUCKING PICK OF THE CROP: WE CAN HAVE SHEHEMOTH, THE CRIMSON COUNTESS...

JESUS CHRIST, DO YOU THINK I'M STUPID? *STOP!*

OR ONE OF THE SLUTS FROM THE MAVERIKZ...OR I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE INTO JAILBAIT, BUT CHECK THESE OUT...

I MEAN OLD ENOUGH TO BLEED, OLD ENOUGH TO--

JESUS, WHO THE FUCK IS THAT?

MM? OH, PEACHES AND CREAM. THAT'S STARLIGHT, FROM THE YOUNG AMERICANS.

YOU WONDERING WHAT SHE'D DO TO REACH THE HIGH FRONTIER?

FOR THE LAST FUCKIN' TIME.

THEY THINK WE'RE SHIT.

YOU CUNT.

YOU *CUNT.*

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, DOWN ON YOUR *FUCKIN' KNEES...?*

WHAT?

GOING SOMEWHERE?

WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

I HAVE A PLAN IN PLACE.

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD ABOUT IT ALREADY.

BUT THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT...

NO, THIS IS PERSONAL.

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU.

WATCH OUT, MY LADY, HE'S TURNED *BAD!*

BUT I'LL PROTECT YOU! I WON'T LET HIM LAY A HAND ON YOU!

GAKKK

YES, MOST WONDERFUL WOMAN OF ALL! MAKE ME YOUR *LIVING WEAPON!*

HMH.

IT'S A METAL PROP, YOU STUPID WHORE.

YOU SEEN THIS SHIT?

AH, NO WORD FROM THE WHITE HOUSE AT THIS TIME, WE--

C.N.N.

N.B.C.

--OF GUNFIRE COMING FROM THE PENTAGON--

--CAPED FIGURES ON THE GROUND AND IN FLIGHT AT BOTH LOCATIONS. ONE EARLY SUGGESTION, THAT SUPERHEROES HAVE MOBILIZED TO DEFEND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, IS NOW--

FOX.

--CONFLICTING REPORTS, BUT OH FATHER HAS BEEN IN CONTACT AND HAS PROMISED A STATEMENT--

LOOKIN' LIKE SOMEBODY DROPPED THE BIG ONE...

YEAH, ALL A BIT WHERE-WERE-YOU-THE-NIGHT-IT-STARTED, INNIT?

HERE'S OUR FIRST SURGICAL STRIKE.

ALL DONE, FRENCHIE?

AH... NON, M'SIEU CHARCUTER.

THERE HAS BEEN A DEVELOPMENT.

FRENCHIE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

AH, OUI, OUI. PERHAPS A KILO LIGHTER, BUT WE ARE...WE ARE FREE TO GO WHENEVER WE LIKE.

YOU WHAT...?

THERE IS SOMEONE TO WHOM YOU SHOULD SPEAK, M'SIEU:

THIS IS JAMES STILLWELL OF THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN CORPORATION.

WELL, THIS IS MRS. BUTCHER'S LITTLE BOY. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

YOUR PEOPLE ARE RECEIVING MEDICAL TREATMENT FOR INJURIES INCURRED DURING THEIR ASSAULT ON EMPLOYEES OF THIS COMPANY. AFTER THAT THEY WILL INDEED BE FREE TO LEAVE.

THE HOMELANDER SENT PARALACTIC TO ATTACK YOU IN OUR NAME. HIS INTENTION WAS THAT YOU WOULD RETALIATE, KEEPING BOTH SIDES OCCUPIED WHILE HE PURSUED HIS OWN OBJECTIVES.

PROOF?

PARALACTIC ARE A JOKE: A COPY OF A COPY OF A G-COPY. I'D SEND SUPERDUPER AFTER YOU BEFORE I THOUGHT OF THEM.

SO WHAT'S THE HOMELANDER REALLY UP TO?

THAT'S NOT COMPLETELY CLEAR. HE'S MANAGED TO CONVINCE A MAJORITY OF THE SUPERHUMAN COMMUNITY TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT ***FOR VOUGHT,*** APPARENTLY AS A STANDING FORCE IN SUPPORT OF PRESIDENT NEUMAN.

WE OF COURSE HAVE NO SUCH PLANS. WE HAVE NO NEED TO TAKE VIOLENT ACTION, WE--

ALREADY HAVE YER FINGERS UP VIC'S ARSE, YEAH. THE WANKER'S BEEN PLANNIN' THIS FOR A WHILE, HE MUST'VE KNOWN DAKOTA BOB WAS GONNA BE CHECKIN' OUT EARLY...

I MENTIONED IT TO HIM AT HEROGASM. CLEARLY A TACTICAL ERROR.

I'M TELLING YOU THIS IN THE SPIRIT OF FULL DISCLOSURE, SO--

I THOUGHT YOU LOT COULD CLEAN UP YER OWN SHIT?

WE CAN. BUT TO DO SO WE NEED YOU AND YOUR TEAM TO TAKE A BACK SEAT.

IN THAT CASE I'VE GOT SOME BAD FUCKIN' NEWS FOR YOU.

I DON'T HEAR FROM FRENCHIE AN' HER INSIDE AN HOUR, YOU'RE DEAD. YOU PERSONALLY. AN' YOU AIN'T GONNA LIKE THE JOB I DO ON YOU, NEITHER.

SEE YOU.

PUT OUT EVERYTHIN' WE'VE GOT. EVERY CHANNEL AN' EVERY SITE.

NINE-ELEVEN, GODOLKIN AN' THE G-KIDDIES, KATRINA, ALL OF IT. EMPTY THE FUCKIN' VAULTS AN' GET IT OUT THERE.

THE HOMELANDER PICTURES...?

'SPECIALLY THEM.

WH...WH... WHAT'RE YOU *DOIN'*...?

GOIN' TO WASHINGTON.

YOU HAD YOUR TURN, HUGHIE.

NOW I'M HAVIN' MINE.

next: ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS